

of Mrs. Du Pleth-oric's grand serve in the crowded street A poor little deso-late girl one

depths of his braided rug. nd she almost fancied she heard him say: "Ah, ha! don't you wish you were barn a p "I'm stuffed," he continued, "with things to ent,

"I'm stuffed," he continued, "with things to eat,
And coddled and pampered the livelong day,
And I'm bathed and combed by a maid so neat,
Who brushes my coat in the nices! way;
And when I'm too weary to walk or play
My mistress is ready her pet to lug—
She s always so frightened lest I should stray—
Ah, ha! don't you wish you were born a pug?

And pick up a morsel just where you may, And I am regaled on the whitest meat. And daintily wrapped in a blanket gay:

stay.

My bed is downy and soft and snug—
They never neglect me, you know, not they—
Ah, ha! don't you wish you were born a pug?

*Yes, if you could only, without delay,
Turn into a dog with a crumpled mug.
You'd soon comprehend why I laugh and say:
Ah, ha! don't you wish you were born a pug?

A TALE OF TWO WOMEN

*Come to me. I am dying. Don Eastern's brow was knit, and he muttered a very impatient imprecation ander his breath, as he stood studying the telegram which had just been put in his I thought that was all over and done

with. Must we go through with it again, I And then he took up a time-table and studied it attentively for a moment. "Of course a thousand miles in this beastly cold is a mere nothing for a busy man!

That's understood. A woman's caprice must be gratified at all hazards. My arch enchantress isn't idving any more than I am, but I suppose I must go."

Glancing hurriedly through the mail on

his desk, he then picked up, from the midst of commenplace, practical, business-like looking letters, a slim, satiny envelope of palest pink, with a faint perfume clinging to it. His whole face softened, and his hand shook for a moment as he eagerly opened and read the few lines. "My little Mignon!" he said, gently. But his little Mignon did not keep him

from taking a journey of a thousand miles to see June Heatherton, to whom he had been engaged a year ago; with whom he had quarreled flercely over some palpable flirtation on her part; from whom he had parted in bitterness and pain, and yet with a half-relieved feeling in a corner of his

Six months he had been reckless, as a man sometimes will when a woman has been false and untrue in any particular; and then she had written him, proudly, tender-iy, saying that, as she had sanned, so she must be the supplicant—in her anger she had said she did not love him, but now she knew better; she would never love any one else — would he not come back to her?
But this he had declined, politely and firmly. Now that it was all over, he knew that he had never loved her, and that it was a most fortunate thing he had found

it out in time.

Her grace, her beauty, her wonderful fascination, had thrilled his blood with a rap-ture that he thought then was love, but it was only her false twin sister. Love had come to him, indeed, but it was a later guest. and then a sweet face leaned to him through the shadows, and its purity and tenderness blotted out the warm summer beauty of June Heatherton from before his vision. Yet a week later he was in her presence.

"she evidently still lives!" he murmured, sardonically, as he entered the magnificent hall of Heatherton, pater, in which no signs of mourning fluttered. A moment later June entered the draw-

ing-room, where he waited.
Ah, yes, she could stir even his unbelieving, cold heart.
"My love! my love!" she murmured.

softly. And certainly Don Eastern was not the kind of a man to let the memory of little Mignon prevent him from holding a beau-tiful, yielding form closely in his arms, and returning clinging kisses with interest, when such a rare opportunity offered.

But for all this propitious beginning, Don Eastern went back to his own home, a week later, as free as when he left it. He alone knew the full power of June Heatherton's siren charms, for he was the only man she had ever loved. He alone knew of the tears she had shed; he alone knew that she had thrown hersel at his feet in all her exquisite, gleaming beauty, and begged him to take her back to his heart. with all the despairing passion that a woman like her can feel when she sees the man that was once her abject slave beyond her

what was her pride compared to the desolation that swept over her when she real-ized that the heart she had trifled with was hers no longer, when she had learned to prize it most? And so he went back to his little Mignon, whose calm, pure face was continually before him through all his journey in the bitter winter cold.

A dainty little missive would be awaiting him—the last week or two would drop away from him then. But to his intense di-ap-pointment, no letter was there; he only valted to grasp this fact fully, and freshen up after his tiresome trip, when once more he started out.

It was a very different woman from June Heatherton that greated him at the end of his journey. Not tall, nor voluptuous, nor passionate: but flower-sweet and fragile. with dre ming eyes, a sad mouth, and a radiant smile.

A faint flush stole into her cheeks as she came quietly to him and laid her hands in his outstretched ones for a brief moment... she did not even see the love and longing in his eyes — and then he took her in his arms.
"Mignon, I can wait no longer. Say you

She looked up into his face, a little startled, and tembled like a bud the wind shaken too roughly; but she did not strive to I ave her prison, and, after a pause which was breathless and terrible to Don Eastern, she said, gravely and sweetly:

"Hove you."
"My angel?" he said, passionately. "I am not worthy of you—not worthy to touch your hand; but I love you so, little Mignon, I shall make you happy."

And she Inid her cheek against his, per-

Strangely enough, he told her all about
June Heatherton. He hid nothing—not
even his long journey I st week—and
Mignen's face was shadowed for a moment.

"Did you ever love her?" No. my darling; I thought I did. but I

know better now. "Yes."

And she loves you?" He tent down and kissed ker, but did not answer.

"Are you sure—quite sure—that you love me?" "My blossom!" he murmu ed. with in-finite tenderness, "if you are not the other half of my soul. I p ay God I may go to my grave bereft."

But you would have married her," she said, after a little. "I don't thick (ate would have been so

eruel knowing mylittle unknown Mignon was my rig tful po tion. Remember, dear. I did not know you then. Three months later Don brought her

whelmed her and awapt her off her feet.

He said nothing to Mignon. He destroyed the letter and did not answer it.

He was beginning to hope she found a new love to fill her heart, when another letter came. She had tried to love her husband: she had imagined, if she were married to some good man, she could forget her wild love for him. But it was in vain, and she was the most miserable woman on the face of the earth.

the face of the earth.

He said nothing to Mignon. It would only grieve her, and she was too white and innocent to know anything of such stormy A third letter came, and a fourth, and he

began to be seriously annoyed, when one day a little note came from June — Mrs. Langdon—saying she was to be in town

day a little note came from June—Mrs. Langdon—saying she was to be in town visiting her sister; would he not call?

In his perplexity (men are such stupids) he went to Mignon.

He told her Mrs. Langdon was in town: that she had written to him to call. Should he do so? And then to her questions: No. she was not happy, and she had not yet learned to love her husband, whom she had married in one of her freaks, but in time, perhaps—

And poor little Mignon, with a very sore heart and a calm face, told him to go if he wished. It would only be courtesy.

She had seen June's picture, and the beautiful soreeress face was something to remember—the sweet, smiling lips, the languid, dark eyes, the pearl softness and fairness. Often, when she was nestled in her lover's arms, the thought would steal to her that that beautiful head had lain her lover's arms, the thought would steal to her that that beautiful head had lain where hers was now; that his kisses had been pressed upon other, redder lips, and she felt a little pang, as a loving, jealous acart will, for there is little love in this world that does not walk hand in hand with jealousy. It is all very well to talk about a perfect trust, a noble confidence, but this is the nineteenth century, and one must be vain, and arrogant, and self-sufficient indeed, when no doubt ever creeps in of one's own power and fascination when pitted against another's.

cination when pitted against another's.

June Langdon had wealth, beauty, and passion. Mignon had twice her intellect, and tenderness, and capacity for pain, and self-sacrifice and love. June was a mag-nificent cactus-blossom, scarlet and gold and sutbile; Mignon was a fair day-lily pallid and fragrant and pensive.

And men have such an unfortunate weak-

ness for tropical flowers, they cannot pass them by carelessly or unconsciously, even though they have already plucked the lily and laid the francetals over their hearts. The white flower brought out all the beauty of Don Eastern's soul, its chivalry and tenderness, its belief in the good and true, its higher impulses and as-pirations; but he could not ignore the briliant cactus-bud; it caused his blood to flow faster, it gave a new zest to living-

Mignon was his saint, his nun, his good angel, and he loved her truly, with all the high love a man of the world can ever know. He reverenced her for her womanly goodness and truth; he trusted her as he never supposed he could trust any one. She rested him and soothed him unspeakably.

And little Mignon loved him with a strange power and intensity that was the very breath of her life to her. But he went to see Mrs. Langdon all the

She came to him more royally beautiful than ever, with eyes more lustrous and filled with a starrier dusk, with redder lips and a deeper flush on her delicate cheeks; her garments clung about her lissom form. a faint, mystic periume rose from her laces

-Circe, indeed.

He stood up silently and gravely, but she laid her head on his shoulder and drew his lips down to hers. She had once been delicately reserved, and high and proud, but a mad, unthinking love had changed her strangely. And married though she was, this man, Don Eastern, held all her soul in his keeping, and, with a tropical nature like hers, love is everything. She would have preferred heaven and the

'lilies and languors of virtue"; debarced from that, she would take hell and the "rapture and roses" of a love to which she ha no shadow of right. By-and-by she said: "Don, you love some one." He bowed, with a deep look into her face

"Not me—you do not love me!" she said. impatiently. "It is some one else, some one I don't know—tell me about her!" "My dear June, could a man ever find room for two women in his heart, when one of them was you?"

"Tell me about her." size said, stendily. "I have not loved you all these years. Don Eastern, without learning every phase of your mood. Does she live here?

No, but she is visiting here at present." "Is she beautiful?"

"Brilliant?" "Wealthy?"

What is she, then?" 'An angel, whose garments it is a profuna-She looked at him wonderingly and sighed Can I see her?

"I am suce I do not know. You may po sibly meet her at some party or something." Are you going to hear Modjeska to-morrow night?"

"With her?" "I believe so."

"Then I shall see her— Oh, my God!"
She caught her breath sharply, and fell down at his feet in all her exquisite beauty. "Can you never, never love me again, on? My life, my soul, it is all yours! Can you not give me a little love in return?"

He litted her up gently.
"It is too late to ask that now. June. Try
and forget you ever loved any one but your

husband. Believe me, you will be happier. No one can more bitterly regret than I the misery of ou past. Let us begin anew. But she thrust him away from her wildly, and bade him to go, if he did not wish her to fall dead at his feet. So he went away sadly.

Mignon was visiting a school friend.
Mrs. Barrymore, and the next night they
all sat listening to the heart-breaking story
of "Camille"—Mrs. Barrymore piquant and
gypsy-like; Mr. Barrymore blonde and languid, but very devoted to his pretty, dashing wife; Mignon and Don Eastern.

Mignon was listening earnestly to Mod-jeska, who interpreted so well a passionate, loving, erring, noble woman's heart. The hig --bred grace, the dainty foreign accent, the naturalness of this actress, held her in thrall, and she never took her. thrall, and she never took her eyes from the stage; but, as the curtain went down on the second act, she lifted her glass and slowly scanned the house. Suddenly she paused with a heart that throbbed strangely. Directly across from her sat a woman whom surely she had seen somewhere—a woman with great dusky eyes and golden hair, and a brilliant searlet on her lips, and a fitful flush on her checks—a w man in gold satin that fell away from the snowy neek and arm on which opals gleamed ominously, with a knot of crimson in her hand.

"Don." she said tremulously, "is not that an old friend of yours in the box oppo-H. lifted his glass.
"You recognize her from her picture, I see. She i- looking remarkably well, is she not?" nonchalantly.

ot?" nonchalantly.
"rhe is glorious!" but the tender heart contracted The dusky eyes across were looking in

The dusky eyes across were looking in her direction with a restless, smoliering fire in their depths tant pained her to see.

June Langdon had glanced over with a hungry intensity that seemed to search her. She passed over Mrs. Barrymore's bright, da k be auty, and settled directly on Mignon's face, studying it intently. The dark eves, the wastlul mouth, the d caming, calm, sweat face.

"Not be utiful? No; but a face that any men would she ine in his heart and love I did not know you then.

Three month later Don brought her June's wedding-cards.

"You see, d ar," he said, "that she did not love me."

But in a day or two came a mad letter to him, written by June on her wedding-day.
And Don Eastern was sorry, inde d; for June Heathert n, despit her coquetry, was a girl with a really flow nature. She her—he never looked at me like that any more reklessly than any more beauty of form at d coloring," she min mured. Yet she dresses like an actress. here is not another woman in the nonse like her. She is odd and pleur sque. She is dean actress. here is not in him, written by June on her wedding-day.

And Don Eastern was sorry, inde d; for June Heathert n, despit her coquetry, was a girl with a really flow nature. She

d yet again and aga'n she lound hersell using intently at Munon.

In a long, black velvet gown, cut after the shion of an old picture, with rare lace at roat and clow, with long black gloves and black fan, and a large bouquet of creamy, lorous jasmine in her hand, she war a natrast indeed to most women there.

contrast indeed to most women there.

Mrs. Barrymore was more of a gypsy than ever in pule amber and dark ruby; all about her was color and glow and shimmer, but from the rich darkness, M. gnon's clear pallor, like the leaf of one of her jasmine buds, the sweet red lips, the dreaming eyes, shone out and attracted a thousand eyes. She was like a picture of repose. She was like the twilight, tender and ponsive, after the hot, tumultuous day. And Don Eastern, looking across at the beautiful enchantress in her gold-satin draperies without a thrill, knew that for one touch of the small gloved hand at his side he would brave death.

As Camille was parting with Armand

the small gloved hand at his side he would brave death.

As Camille was parting with Armand after her interview with his father. looking so sadly changed from the lighthearted, joyous girl, in her pretty pink dress and garden hat, from an hour before, laughing and sobbing in a breath, kissing him in despairing, sobbing love, smiling in a grand self-renunclation, weeping over her dead and broken hopes altogether. June Langdon, glancing over, saw that the sorrowful blossom-face had grown strangely white, and that Don Eastern was fanning her anxiously, and that he had drawn a mass of black, Spanish drapery about her slim form.

She saw Mignon look up with unspoken thanks, lifting her eyes with such devotion and love and faith in them; she saw him look down eagerly, with truest, tenderest look down eagerly, with truest, tenderest love and anxiety; and then she waited no

longer, but rose impatiently, with rage and hatred in her heart.

She paused for one last look.

Mrs. Barrymore had leaned forward to speak to Mignon, and as June's eyes fell on er face she started.
"Why, it is Blythe Hart! I knew she had

married, but did not know what had become of her. Ah, everything is easy now." The next day Mrs. Langdon's carriage dashed up to the Barrymore mansion, and a moment afterward Mrs. Langdon was an-

together in the drawing-room, Mignon nest-led in a great chair before the grate, Mrs. Barrymore lying luxuriously on a low Turk-ish divan. Mrs. Barrymore stood up with a very faint

Mrs. Barrymore and Mignon were seated

surprise in her face, that changed to delight as she recognized an almost forgotten "Why, June, are you Mrs. Langdon? Three years in Europe have set me quite outside the pale of all my old friends. This is my dear friend, Mignon Trevor. Little Mignon, you have often heard me speak of

June Heatherton?"

And Mignon, with a faint color in her cheeks, bowed quietly, but did not speak. and relapsed into her reverie, gazing with dark, dreaming eyes into the flames. How did it happen? Circe alone knew. But after that these two were often to-

"Such a lovely morning, little Mignon. You must come for a drive with me. Or, "I shall be alone to-day; you must come and make the hours bright for me." And although Mignon felt a vague dread and dislike, it was so intangible, and the beautiful voice and face and manner so en-chanting, that she could not resist, and felt

asbamed of her distrust and fears.

The days had flown swiftly, and they had been days of rapture for Mignon; the gayety and life and bustle were quite new to her. Every day Don was with her, morning and evening; he watched over her with a jealous care and loving develion that were a marvel to himself. He took ner for drives, and ac-companied her to the opera: he sent her rare flowers from his own green-houses; he brought her his favorite books and music, and late in the evenings he lingered beside her, parting from her reluctantly, and thinking of her every moment he was away from her. He realized that this pure, gentle, loving girl was the one supreme love of his life-her white hand could lead him unscathed over every sin and temptation, her sweet, dark eyes draw him to the uttermost ends of the earth. He was proud of her intellect and culture, he worshiped her for her innocence and trust, and for the first time in his life the restless, cynical man of

the world was happy.

June Langdon was less than nothing to him. He had never been near her since that day. He had never even thought of

But to-day he held an ivery sheet of paper in his hand, with a monogram em-blazoned in violet and gold upon it. And a line in the elegant running hand he knew

"I am going away to-morrow. Come just once more, for the sake of the old days. when no other woman was dearer than I. I am going to Paris to live, and may never see you again.

And he went. Rejustantly and distaste-

fully—but he went. He was ushered into a dainty little boudoir, maize and poppy, musk-scented and flower-filled.

She did not give him unasked kisses this time; she did not even offer him her hand, but threw herself down in a great chair, with a sad languor that would have touched any heart but his. They talked a little indifferently, and then he arose to go.

Good-by, Mrs. Langdon. 1 hope you will enjoy Paris, and not quite forget all your old friends." But with a low and exceeding bitter ery

she stood up.
"Must we part like this? Oh. my God! I cannot bear it! Have you no mercy, no

The tears streamed down her cheeks, and

The tears streamed down her cheeks, and she held out her hand imploringly.

With the deepest pity and sympathy, he took her hand in his.

"June, you will forget. Believe me, you will forget all this in a very little while. What good would my love do you now? It could bring you nothing but sorrow. We must never meet again, I hope—I know you will be very happy yet. Good-by. God be with you, dear. He bent down and touched the trembling

hands with his lips, feeting wretchedly sorry for this beautisui, undisciplined woman in her misery. But she flung her arms about his throat. and clung to him in a very abandonment of

grief, sobbing hysterically, with low, sharp moans that cut him to the heart. "June, dear child, do not weep so. You will be ill. It is torture to hear you."

She faltered and shivered, and he put his arms around her, and kissed her on the fair brow, once-twice.

Her arms were about him, and the beau-

tiful, quivering, wet face pressed close against him.

A deep sigh startled him. He lifted his head. Standing in the door, pallid as a ghost, with frightened, wo'ul eyes and despair in every feature, stood Mignon. With a loud exclamation, with rage and impationee and disgust, he shook the ex-

quisite form from his bosom and strode

across the room.

But the portione had fallen back into its place and Mignon had vanished. He called a servant and gave him a mes-sage (or) iss Trever, but the man returned with word that she had just gone out.

He lest the house without another look at
the woman who had brought that despairrushed to his sweet love's face, and rushed to his sweet love's face, and rushed to his Barrymore's. But the s-rvant, with no expression at all is his well-trained and very expansive lace, informed him that the ladies were not at home.

Perforce he was oblired to wait until night, and then he ound himself once more at the Barrymore manager.

at the Barrymore mansion.

Mrs. Barrymore received him coldly.

Mignon had gone tome; she would write to him rom there, probably.

He waited two days, and then the little rosy missive reached him. He kissed it

pa-sionately again and again before he opened it.

I never wish to see you again. My one prayer now is that I may forget you utterly. Good-by for all time.

With a mad and bitter wrath he cursed With a mad and bitter wrath he cursed June Langdon—cursed her fiercely and erucily—and then he started for Mignon's home, only to find it closed and deserted. And then despair overtook him, too.

Everything, very one was regulated to him. He went to California, and from one end of the Pacific coast to the other. He speculated wildly. He was insanely reeklass.

gone through the Golden Gate, he saw a notice in a paper that made June Langdon a widow. He tore the paper in two, and trampled upon it.

A year went by, and then he grew calm. He would go home and seek hignon. He would make her believe in him; ille was not worth the living without her. For one touch of her cool hand, one giance of the calm, dark eyes, one smile of the sweet, wistful lips, he would barter wealth and fame, and all the world had to offer—aye. life itself!

He never paused after he had started, nor night nor day, intil he had reached the pretty little rustle town that held his pearl of price, his snow-white lify, his dove

pearl of price, his snow-white lify, his dove of peace.

And then a creat fear fell upon him, undefined and foreboding. He wandered up the wide, irregular street with a beating heart and feverish pulses. In a few minutes she would be beside him, gentle, loving, forgiving. The tears came into his eyes, and he muttered a wordless prayer, sneering, cold man of the world that he was.

He drew his hat over his eyes, and wandered off across a wide, daisied field that opened from the street until he had shaken off his unwonted emotion.

The little graveyard nestled close beside the field; it looked cool, and shady and restful, and unconsciously he stepped

restful, and unconsciously he stepped Suddenly, with a great cry, he stood still before a fair, slender marble shaft,

MIGNON. AGED 19. "Blessed are the pure in heart."

There was only one Mignon in the world. He fell down with his face upon her grave. She had died in Rome of the fever. Two years later June Langdon was Mrs. Don Eastern.

The New First Reader.

LESSON I. See how pleased the man is!

he heard some good news?"
"No; but he has come down to telegraph his friends up the country that he is about to pay them a two weeks' visit. He has heard that fishing is ex-

tra good up there this year."
"Ah! but he has received a telegram himself! Why does his countenance change so suddenly?"

"It is a telegram from his friends up the country. They have heard that shooting is unusually good in the city this spring, and they are coming down to stay a fortnight with him."

LESSON II. "See the men-how the enjoy themselves. There are seven of them, and they are smoking, telling stories, and taking a happy rest. Have they noth-

ing to do?"
"Not just now. They are house painters, and the boss is gone.'

"But he will return?" "Oh, yes. One of them is ascending the ladder now to see if he can catch sight of him."

But why does every man spring for his brush and begin work and look so ambitious?" "Because the boss is only a block

away. He came very near catching them that time, but he will arrive to be disappointed." "Is the life of a house-painter full of anxiety?"

"It is. Between waiting for quitting time and dodging the boss he seldom gets an hour's comfort." LESSON III.

"Does the man jaw?" "He does. He says the grocer ought to be sent to State Prison "What has the grocer done?"

"Gave him fifteen ounces for a ound. "But that was very wrong." "So it was, but the grocer knew to

whom he was selling." "Who is the man?" "He is the inventor of the peck peach basket, which holds only six quarts. He laughs and grows fat when he thinks of it, but when some one tries a trick on him it is a horse of another

color. LESSON IV. "The poor old woman! See how fee-

ble she is!" "Yes, she is old and feeble." "She is going to the postoffice. Perhaps she hopes for a letter from her

"No doubt. Let us follow her and see if her hopes are fulfilled. Ah! but she turns away from the window with a look of grief in her face as the clerk says: 'No, ma'am, there is no letter here for Birdie McShane. Your feller has probably eaught onto another

girl. "Be careful and do not collide with

the child." "I see him and will take care. Poor thing! But how ragged and dirty and tired he is! He is evidently a lost child!"

"Let me ask that man about him." "What did the man say? Is the child lost?"

"Oh, no. His mother has so much to do with charities that she has to let him run loose and go hungry. He says we ought to see the other five if we think this one looks lonesome."-Detroit Free Press.

The Judge's Little Game.

Judge Bricker, one of the oldest Representatives of the Pennsylvania Legislature from Clarion County, has a novel way of entertaining his friends on Sundays at Harrisburg. The Judge's apartments are modest, and the first man to arrive there gets the chair. The rest that come sit on the bed and the wood-box. Then the Judge reaches under the bed and drags out a home-made hunk of smoked beef, opens his buckhorn jackknife and chips off a sliver of the beef. Then he passes the beef and the knife to the guest next to him, and the guest chips a piece off the hunk and passes it and the knife along until all are served. By the time the hunk has gone the rounds of the guests two or three times the guests are ready for the Judge to skirmish under the bed again and come out with a curious-looking bit of earthenware with a small neck. This contains what the Judge declares is Clarion County cider. To show that it is safe he takes a drink from the jug and passes it to the guest nearest him, as he did the beef. The jng goes the rounds a couple of times, and then the party rests a few minutes while the Judge tells a hunting story. After that the beef, the knife and the jug are passed again. The Judge has a chalk-mark around the hunk of beef, and when it has been chipped down to that mark he puts the hunk back un-der the bed for the next Sunday. Then the meeting adjourns .- Wash-One day, six months after he had first | ington letter.

PARIS RESTAURANTS

WHERKIN THEY DIFFER FROM THOSE OF OUR OWN COUNTRY.

You Pay Only for What You Consume -Rebate Allowed for All You Leave-Causes of the Escitability and Idlosyn crasies of the French People - Absinthe Drinking and Its Enervating Effects.



special year, when fully three-quarters of he visitors in Paris have never till now been outside their native States. They bring their provincial habits with them and are constantly dropping-into situations in the most innocent way that are often

very unpleasant.

It is an unescapable fact that the men of Paris place the women who go about alone gazing in at shop windows in precisely one category. They would not hesitate about approaching and speaking to any young woman whose appearance caught their fancy. Now, as the city at this moment contains some of the fairest flowers of American loveliness, and as many of these are the freshest and least informed beauties of all that our country grows, the unpleasant incidents of the street that have occurred thus far in the season would fill a book of adventure. I know of one most estimable girl from San know of one most estimable girl from San Francisco, with a glorious face, and a rather dashing style, who was strolling along alone one recent morning looking into the windows of the glove shops along the Rue de Casticilone. She had only been in town a day or two, and had hitherto gone about with her mother, who is her only traveling companion. A good-looking and well-dressed young fellow had been observing her for a long time without her hein a ware her for a long time without her being awars of it, and when she halted in her walk and or R. and when she halted in her walk and looked about for a cab to take her to her notel, she was greatly surprised when this young man advanced with his hat raised and asked in French if he could assist her in securing a conveyance. The young lady glanced quickly at him, and not understanding what he said, stammered in English that she could not speak French, and that she did not know who was addressing her. Im-mediately the young man blushed deeply and became far more embarrassed than the girl. In the best of English he endeavored to beg her pardon, declaring that he had made a very grave mistake—that he was an American and thought her a Parisienne. The girl really thought he had spoken to her under the impression that he knew her.



"ADVANCED WITH HIS HAT BAISED."

and smited upon him when he departed relishing the humor of his mistake. She was not aware of the true merits of the thing until she happened to tell of it in the evening at the hotel, and received some well-worded advice from a friend present not to go out on the boulevards without her mother or agentleman accompanying her.

A peculiarity of Paris, incidental to the habit of taking rolls and coffee at a table on the sidewalk in front of a cafe, is the manner in which the bread is provided. You order your cafe an lait and bread. An empty cup is placed before you, with a pitcher of hot milk and four lumps of sugar on a small plate. Then the waiter brings a large coffeepot having a long, straight wooden handle, and fills your cup. He brings butter and a plate containing three or four rolls of different sorts. You can eat one or two or all the rolls, just as your appetite prompts. But you pay for precisely what you eat. If you eat one, you are charged for one only. If you break a piece from a second one, two are charged to you. The wait'r counts the rolls before making out your check, and examines each one to see if it has been at all mutilated so that it cannot be served to another customer. This is the custom at all the first-class restaurants in Paris. It is one illustration of the French method of making a detailed instead of a collective charge for everything that is supplied, as is done in hotels for service, candles, ice wa-

Except in one or two so-called "American bars" the mixed drink is quite as unknown a factor of l'aris civilization as it is of London. Here the sidewalk and brasserie iquid refreshment is divided between brandy and absinthe, the latter being the favored beverage. It is drank as we drink it in Chicago, that is, "dripped." A French-man loves to sit all by himself at one of the little iron tables on the Rue de la Paix, with his newspaper and his gobiet of abwith his newspaper and his gobiet of ab-sinthe, stopping at regular intervals in his



"IN A PRENCH CAPE." reading to touch his lips to the pale green liquor and take one glimpse at the passing

I think perhaps the absinthe drinking mewhat enervates the Frenchman. These that I see sitting along the boulevards are, as a rule, less boulthy than the men we find "Bromley, did never told the true in that such insidious law rs would be hemfal to a people. To the quantity of brandy and absinthe drank by the younger element of Paristans I think quite an important part of their extreme excitability of temper can be used if ed. The young fellows that I meet think nothing of following a dinner, which has been liberally punctuated with a variety of wines, by several brandles. And I am constantly joining young fellows at a table a tree streets when they order strong bluck coffee ever which they burn brandy. In a word in the contrary, that young fellows that I meet think nothing of following a dinner, which has been liberally punctuated with a variety of wines, by several brandles. And I am constantly joining young fellows at a table a tree streets when they order strong bluck coffee ever which they burn brandy. In a word

they take these strong liquors at all times as we would take beer or a light wine. And it indicates its powerful influence in the nervousness of the men, noticeable in their trembling hands, glistening eyes, and sudden outbursts of passion. Each new seneration. I am told, finds the excitability of the Parisians accentuated. I imagine their use of liquors has much to do with the idiosyncrasies of the race.

About three-quarters of the American visitors of the Centennial go into boarding-houses, the expense being less, and in some ways the method of living being much more comfortable. The boarding-houses, called "pensions," are very genteel and well-regulated affairs where a family may go and live in quite a hixurious way on reasonable terms. The price for the good houses ranges from eight to ten france a day or something less than two deliars. This includes ledging, rells and coffee in the morning, a substantial lumphoon, and a table d'hote dinner of alleged claborateness. You buy your own candles, of course.

The life in these boarding houses often gets excessively domestic and confidential, and I sometimes he ar certain ones of them described as dense of gossip and backbiting. However this may be, I have learned from

described as dens of gossip and backbiting. However this may be. I have learned from personal observation that there is undoubt-edly a very large amount of unkind and unnecessary information imparted of this person and that across the big dining-table; and I taink I would advise all people who could afford it in coming to Paris either to get into a hotel or have lodgings and live in the cases. The company in a boarding house invariably offers material for an interesting study of human nature, but it does not always reveal a very inspiring side of it. You always find the elderly spinster, who sniffs and says snarp things about the



WITH HIS NEWSPAPER AND GOBLET SINTHE."

young men of her country coming over to Paris to waste their fathers' money in the iniquities of the vicious city. There is the giddy young girl who wants to flirt whether giddy young girl who wants to flirt whether you care to or not. The other who needs a husband badly and is in Paris for one, having failed last winter in Chicago. Then there will be an old gentleman who believes he is a more important man than Boulanger, because he sports the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor on the lapel of his coat, just as about half the cheaper-looking men of Paris do. Then there is the dreadful young art student who despises America and talks French with an emphasis of all its peculiar sounds, overdoing the accent, and lapsing into English with the drawl of a Bondon chappie. He lives among Americans for the chappie. He lives among Americans for the sole purpose of treating them to his Paris-ian finish.

At home we hear a good deal about the Pilgrim Fathers, but you just ought to come to Paris to 1 arn all about the Pilgrim Mothers. Wherever you are, in a hotel, a board-ing-house, or in the house of one of the numerous American residents out on the Champs Elysee, you are confronted with the mother who has one or two daughter over here to finish their education, while the father—an unknown quantity—remains the father—an unknown quantity—remains in America to earn the wherewithal to render such a visit possible. The daughters are here to learn the lan ung s and music, and the mother sits about like an ogre to see that they do not learn any less intellectual arts. These girls are prey for the men wherever they are discovered. I know of one saion where at least ten girls can be found each night, with no protector beyond the ample mamma, who sits to one side with the hostess, while the girls go dancing about with a young clerk of one of the toreign legations, or a licutement of the army, or perhaps a real live minister of one of the

I stumbled in upon a scene last night at an American lady's house which was especially instructive. I had wandered out



O, COUNT, IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE A PLAY!" to the conservatory at the rear of the house to smoke a cigarette. The violins were playing a sweet waltz in the drawing-room. and, as I crossed a sort of court-yard lead-ing to the conservatory, a couple danced by me. i-aving behind them the sound of happy laughter and the fragrance of violets. I went on my way, and sat down on a wicker chair beneath an az don bush. From the other side of the bush I heard voices. At first I could not understand what was being said, so I felt entitled to linger. But soon the man's voice became more distinct, and I assure you that the speach of Claude Meinotte, word for word—that one in which the picture of the palace on the lake of Como is drawn, with the alabaster lamps and the sweet songs of birds forever syllabling her name—was uttered in mellow accents. The speaker was an Italian expressing himself in English. After he had finished I heard a girl's voice

say: Oh. Count, it sounds just like a play. That is a beautiful speech. "Your eyes," was the reply, would inspire poetry in even a duller man than I." And then I heard a kiss, and then a deep

I moved away. Five minutes later a well-I moved away. Five minutes later a well-known Kalian Count, a roue and gambler of the hardest description, came out of the conservatory into the ball-oom with a young Chicago girl, the daughter of one of the Pilgrim Mothers, leaning on his arm. Her cheeks were flushed, and the Count looked triumphant.

Two centuries ago I would have been bound to make a qua rel with the Italian and kill nim, or myself be killed. But this is the centennial year, and tiese Pilgrim Methers pretend to know much more than

"BROMLEY, did you tell Jones that I never told the truth?" "I said on the contrary, that you occasionally inadvertently told the truth." "Well, that's something else. I won't allow any man to intimate that I'm. a constitutional

PROFESSOR FELT ADLER calls the preachers religious tramps; possibly because they wear out their sole on the